



Reluctant Press presents:

Lessons In Transsexual Acceptance

E. B. Stevenson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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“Lessons In Transsexual Acceptance”

An anthology by E.B. Stevenson

One “ART THOU IN LOVE, STEPHANIE?”

The time was August of 1989. A month earlier, I had interviewed the President of an Atlanta gender support group for a program I did on the government’s short-wave service. In return for the pleasure of doing the interview, she had invited me to one of their monthly meetings. A month before the interview took place, I had gotten a divorce from my wife of four years, due to her emotional and mental instability. As a result, I moved from St. Louis, my hometown, to Atlanta. When I got there, I temporarily moved in with my sister, Elizabeth. Five weeks had passed since the interview. Elizabeth and I had a talk about it before going to the nightclub. “Eric, you mean to say you interviewed a transvestite?” she asked me, rather shocked.

“As a matter of fact, Elizabeth, I did. The reason I interviewed this person was to educate people about the transgendered lifestyle here in the United States. This person, who calls herself Arlene, invited me to her group's monthly meeting. She has also asked me to be one of the judges in a sexy legs contest,” I replied.

“What's next? An appearance on one of those trash talk shows?” she asked me, sarcastically.

“I hope it doesn't come to that,” I replied, in an attempt to assure her.

I then got into a red golf shirt, a pair of khaki pants and brown loafers. Within twenty minutes, I was out the door, headed to the Midtown restaurant/bar where the meetings were held. I pulled into the parking lot, after a fifteen minute drive across Buckhead, where Elizabeth and I lived. When I got inside the building to pay my ten-dollar cover charge, a tall, blonde girl greeted me.

"Eric, it so nice to see you again. How are things, now that you've moved down here?" Arlene asked me.

"Things are going okay, although I haven't found a place of my own yet. I'm living with my sister, Elizabeth. She's somewhat skeptical of the transgendered lifestyle," I replied.

Arlene introduced me to six other girls. Each was dressed in a rather tight dress, except the one on the far right, who was wearing a red bridesmaid's dress. "This is Eric Vontz, the man who interviewed me on the radio last month. Eric, this is Suzanne, Alana, Laurel, Michele, Rachael and Mindy," she said to them by way of introduction.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, at last," Suzanne said while curtsying to me. "It's wonderful to meet a man who is understanding of our community," Alana added, flirting with me.

"How did you get into contact with us?" Laurel asked me.

"I wrote Arlene a letter, expressing my interest to interview a member of your organization," I replied.

"From what I hear, you treated the subject matter with love and understanding," Rachael added.

"As an objective journalist, I always have to keep an open mind to a subject as delicate as transgenderism," I told her.

"That's the advantage you have over those trash talk show hosts," Mindy added while adjusting the slip on her bridesmaid's dress. I sat down and ordered a cola for myself. While I was drinking my cola, I saw a beautiful woman walk in from outside. She was tall, with long, auburn hair, wearing a red dress with white stockings and red pumps. She looked no older than twenty-five. I had never seen a woman so beautiful in my life. After she paid her cover charge, I introduced myself to her.

"I must say, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life," I said to her, somewhat nervous.

"Why, thank you. You look handsome yourself," she said to me.

"I'm Eric Vontz," I told her.

"I'm Stephanie Rodgers," she said.

"What will you have, Stephanie?" I asked her.

"Diet cola," she replied.

We sat down at a table and started the process of knowing each other. "What brings you to Atlanta, Stephanie?" I asked.

"It's my job, Eric. I work as a computer technician for a telecommunications firm. I also work on the side as a fashion model and a clerk at a bridal shop. I moved here from New Orleans, my hometown. I've also lived in Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and Chicago since I underwent my surgery twelve years ago," she replied candidly, before asking me what brought me to Atlanta.

"My job also brought me down here, as well as a change in marital status, Stephanie. I moved here from St. Louis and I work as a freelance broadcaster. I do a lot of feature work for the government's short-wave service and some engineering work here and there. I got divorced a month ago, after four years of being married to an emotionally unstable woman. I'm living with my sister, Elizabeth, while I'm looking for a place of my own," I replied.

"Are you attracted to transsexuals, Eric?" she then asked.

"Just as much as I'm attracted to genetic females. I consider myself to be heterosexual," I replied frankly, before asking her: "Would you like to tell me how you got to this point?"

"I'm thirty-three years old, and I've never been married. I left home in June of 1974 and took my dresses, many of which I inherited from my mother, with me to New York. It was there I began working as a female impersonator.

"In April of 1975, I started on female hormones and I was discovered by a modeling agency owner a month later. I was modeling mostly dresses and bridal fashions, first in New York, then in San Francisco, before undergoing sex reassignment surgery in March of 1977, just a day after I turned twenty-one.

"Since then, I went to college to obtain my bachelor's degree in computer science, while working as a lingerie model. I took a job as a programmer at a stock brokerage firm in Chicago in June of 1981, followed by a transfer to Los Angeles in May of 1982, then a transfer to New Orleans in March of 1984. I worked as a runway model on a part-time basis while I was in each city, modeling mostly bridal attire. I had dated off and on in each city, but I found a steady boyfriend in New Orleans. He was a very romantic young man.

"Unfortunately, a genetic female, one of his ex-girlfriends, grabbed his attention and we broke up in April of 1986, just after I lost my job in New Orleans. I found a good job here in Atlanta just a month later, and I've been here ever since. I haven't found a man to go out with since I came here," she explained.

She then asked me what brought me to this point in my life.

"Stephanie, I'm now twenty-nine years old. As you know, I went through a nasty divorce just two months ago. My ex-wife and I had almost everything. We had a nice home, a loving marriage and hopes for a great future. I was making close to one hundred thousand dollars a year as a freelance broadcaster, primarily off the commercials I did for local radio. A series of events sent my marriage downhill.

"The first thing that happened was that her mother filed for divorce from her father. Then, she told me that she had been abused by her father since she was a little girl. All the stories of abuse in her family came to light during her parents'

bitter divorce. The next thing I knew, she had a nervous breakdown and I just couldn't take it anymore. Two weeks after she had her breakdown, I filed for divorce. I didn't want to deal with an emotionally unstable, intolerant non-Christian woman anymore, so I thought it would be best that I end the marriage. Her parents' divorce became final just after my own divorce was finalized.

“As a result of the divorce, business dropped off dramatically, and I couldn't find anyone to even go out with in St. Louis. I sold my house, pulled all my equipment out and headed to Atlanta. I have most of my personal effects in storage while I'm living with Elizabeth,” I explained.

“What kind of a girl are you looking for?” she asked.

”I'm looking for a girl who is loving, kind, compassionate and very feminine. I would prefer one with a career of her own, emotionally mature, tolerant of my spirituality and my career. I would like to have a long-term relationship which will eventually lead to marriage and the adoption of children. I believe that a transsexual can still be a good Christian. To me, the girl's birth sex really doesn't matter,” I replied.

“Believe it or not, Eric, that's pretty much what I'm looking for in a man. I'd like for him to be understanding of the fact I was once male, and you seem to fit the bill. You're also more emotionally mature than most men I've met. When I tell a man I was once a man myself, they either run away from the situation, or they listen to what I have to say, like you. A lack of understanding of my transsexuality is a sign of emotional immaturity, in my opinion. I'm looking for a Christian man who believes that a transsexual can still be a good Christian, and I feel you fit that bill perfectly. I'm also looking for a long—term relationship that will eventually lead me to be a wife and mother. I'm not only loving, kind and compassionate, but I'm more feminine than most genetic females. I'm a romantic and sensual kind of person,” she added.

Before I had to take my place at the judge's table in the sexy legs contest, I gave Stephanie my telephone number, and she gave me hers. “Would you like to stick around for the contest?” I asked her.

“I'll be happy to, Eric,” she replied.

She sat right behind me as I judged the contest. Fifteen crossdressers strutted their stuff on the dance floor in front of us, wearing bodysuits and teddies. Two other judges, the wife of one of the crossdressers and the co-manager of the restaurant, helped me judge the contest. When we made our decision, Mindy won first prize, a one thousand-dollar gift certificate from a women's apparel shop. Alana won second prize, five hundred dollars' worth of rhinestone jewelry. Third prize went to Rachael, a two hundred and fifty-dollar gift certificate from a lingerie shop.

With my work done, Stephanie and I went out to the parking lot. “Do you have anything planned for tomorrow?” she asked me.

”I don't have a thing to do tomorrow. Elizabeth has to work from noon to eight o'clock in the evening,” I replied.

“Would you like for me to come over about twelve-thirty?” she then asked.

”I’ll be happy to have you over,” I replied. I gave her directions to my apartment. After giving her a smooch, I left for home. Elizabeth had returned to the apartment ten minutes earlier than I did.

“How did it go tonight?” she asked me.

”I had fun. As a matter of fact, I think I may be in love,” I replied. “With whom?” she asked.

“Her name is Stephanie, and she’s a wonderful woman. She’s a post—operative transsexual, works as a computer programmer and fashion model, and I feel she’s the girl I’ve been looking for all my life,” I replied.

”You’ve fallen in love with a girl who used to be a guy?” she asked me, with an element of shock.

“I have, Elizabeth,” I replied with an element of pride.

”I don’t know how to take this, Eric. I’ve heard a lot of negative things about transsexuals,” she added.

“I haven’t heard anything negative about Stephanie thus far,” I told her assuringly. I climbed into bed around one-thirty in the morning; I just couldn’t get Stephanie out of my mind. I had never wanted a woman this much. In fact, I wanted her more than I ever wanted my ex-wife. I felt mesmerized by her natural beauty, sexually attracted to her body, and spiritually attracted to the woman deep inside. I woke up around ten-thirty, just as Elizabeth was getting ready for work. At twelve-thirty, a knock came at the door. I had just finished getting two salads and two glasses of red wine ready for us. I slowly opened the door. Stephanie was there, with her seductive smile. She was dressed in a white bodysuit and pink Lycra miniskirt, with white stockings and a pink pair of pumps. Her hair had been tied back. She gave me a kiss when she walked in. “Hi, honey,” she whispered to me.

“Hello, sweetheart,” I whispered to her.

I showed her to the kitchen. “What a nice kitchen you have here!,” she complimented.

”Most of the work was done by my sister,” I added.

“How does she feel about you dating a transsexual?” she asked me.

”As a matter of fact, she’s unsure about the idea. She still incorrectly associates transsexualism with things like prostitution,” I replied.

“Many transsexuals aren’t prostitutes at all. In my support group, I only know one girl who works for an escort service. Most of us are professionals and we come from all walks of life. One of the girls in my support group is a partner in a law firm downtown. She’s scheduled to undergo surgery next year. We’re a diverse group, when it comes right down to it,” she explained.

While we were eating lunch, thoughts of making love to her raced across my mind. After finishing lunch, I put our dirty dishes in the dishwasher and put the

bottle of wine back in the refrigerator. We decided to take a walk in the park across the street from the apartment, walking arm-in-arm the whole time. After walking around the perimeter of the park, we sat down on a bench under a tall tree. I held her tenderly as we were sitting.

"Darling?" I said before kissing her on the cheek.

"What is it, sweetie?" she asked me, rather seductively.

"While we were eating our lunch, I had a rather interesting thought cross my mind," I replied.

"What was that, my love?" she asked.

"I thought about making love to you, Stephanie. I haven't made love to a woman since long before my marriage ended. My ex-wife was sensuous in the early years of our marriage. Two years ago, she suddenly developed an aversion to sexual intercourse. She had a father who had a huge collection of pornographic magazines and videos. It's no wonder her parents got a divorce. I wanted to have children, but her aversion to sexual contact made that impossible. This was compounded by her mental and emotional problems. I've been wanting to make love to a woman for a long time, and I've thought of making love to you," I explained.

"Would you like to do that when we get back to your place?" she whispered.

"I'd love that, very much," I replied.

We kissed each other, starting out tenderly. The heat of passion increased as we continued kissing, touching each other's tongues in the process. We got up from our bench and began walking toward the apartment, exchanging an occasional kiss on the lips as we walked. When we got back to the apartment, we went straight to my bedroom. When we walked into the bedroom, we closed and locked the door behind us, then closed the curtain. I took off my clothes, except for my underwear. She softly caressed my shoulders, while I unzipped the back of her skirt. After that, I laid down on the bed, and watched her take off her skirt. She took off her stockings and her pumps, then proceeded to undo the crotch of her bodysuit.

She removed her bodysuit, which revealed a perfect, female body. Size 38C breasts, a slender figure and a pair of sexy legs to go with her sexy body. I took off my underwear and we began with a hotly passionate kiss. Our hands caressed each other's bodies, then I began to passionately neck her.

"That feels good, honeybaby," she moaned whisperingly.

"You know how much I want you, babydoll," I whispered in between passionate kisses on her neck.

"I want you so bad, honeybaby," she whispered erotically. After about five minutes of passionate necking, I worked down to her beautiful breasts. She felt as if she were in heaven.

"Honey, I feel so feminine!" she exclaimed ecstatically. After getting milk from each of her lovely breasts, she began to kiss and lick all over my hairy chest.

“Darling, I've never felt so good in my life,” I whispered to her. She worked down my body, all the way to my erect manhood, which she began massaging with her silky mouth and tongue.

”Baby, you make me feel so good,” I whispered to her.

Once she tasted my essence, she said to me: “Your essence is delicious, honey.” She then spread her legs and fingered her vagina. I began licking it with extreme passion.

“Honey, you make me feel so much like a woman!,” she moaned ecstatically. I inserted my manhood into her vagina, and began kissing her while my manhood was enveloped by her vagina. When we came to our climax, she and I kissed each other with passion and we fell asleep, still in the nude.

It was eight-thirty when Elizabeth got home. Stephanie and I were still in bed, both totally nude, listening to romantic music on my stereo.

”Is she home, darling?” Stephanie asked me.

“She is home, sexpot,” I replied.

“I'd better get my clothes on!,” she whispered, having just remembered that particular task.

”What are you doing this week, babe?” I asked her.

“I have to work at my computer job every day except Thursday. I will be modeling on Wednesday night at a bridal shop,” she replied.

”I'm going house hunting on Thursday afternoon,” I added, before asking her, “would you like to come along?”

“I'll be glad to come along,” she replied while I was putting on my clothes.

Elizabeth walked into my room, telling me she was home. I introduced my new girlfriend to my sister. Stephanie's six-foot frame towered over Elizabeth's five-foot-four.

”Elizabeth Vontz, this is my new girlfriend, Stephanie Rodgers. Stephanie, this is my sister, Elizabeth,” I said to both of them.

“A pleasure to meet you, Elizabeth,” Stephanie said to Elizabeth.

”The pleasure is mine, Stephanie,” Elizabeth said to her.

I walked Stephanie to the front door, and she asked me, “Will I see you Thursday, my love?”

“I'll see you Thursday, my beautiful one. That's a promise,” I replied with commitment. She and I exchanged a passionate kiss before she walked out the door.

After Stephanie left, Elizabeth came in to talk to me. ”Eric, may I have a word with you?” she asked me.

“What's on your mind, Elizabeth?” I asked her.

“I think Stephanie is a beautiful girl. She's got a lot going for her. I think she deserves a man like you. But, I don't know how the rest of the family is going to

feel about this. Mom and Dad aren't as sure of your dating a transsexual as I am now. Meeting her has changed my mind about your dating a girl who was born a boy. I really need to start reading books and pamphlets on transsexuals and transsexualism, like you did," she replied.

"What about Mom and Dad, and the rest of the family?" I asked her.

"Mom and Dad think the same way about transsexuals I used to think before I met your new girl. They associate transsexualism with homosexuality, which I believe is dead wrong. Our parents are a bit prudish about transsexuals. Our sister, Hayley, by contrast, is very supportive of the transsexual community. I don't know how our kid sister, Nancy, or our brothers, Sam and Frank, feel about what you've done.

"I know some of your friends abandoned you after your divorce, but I don't know how your remaining friends back home will feel when they find out you've taken up with a transsexual. I want to assure you that I now approve of your new-found love," she explained.

"Thank you for your support, Elizabeth. I hope our family will eventually be supportive," I added before giving her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"I see that your bed isn't made. Did you sleep with her?" she then asked.

"I not only slept with Stephanie, but I also made love to her," I replied.

"You mean, you had sex with her?" she asked me, rather shocked.

"I had sex with her, and she satisfied me like no other woman," I replied.

"I won't be surprised if you two even married one day," she added. Four days later, Stephanie met me at the apartment for our house hunting trip. We looked at several houses before finding the one we liked outside of Marietta. Stephanie was very impressed with all the closet space, since she didn't have enough closet space at her apartment for all of her outfits.

The selling point, for me, was the finished basement. There, I could set up my studio. The real estate agent who showed us the house asked me, "Mr. Vontz, will Miss Rodgers be living with you?"

"It's up to her," I replied.

I gently took Stephanie aside, and asked her if she would like to live with me. "I would like very much to live with you, honey. I accept your kind invitation," she replied.

"Well?" our real estate agent asked us.

"Miss Rodgers will be living with me permanently," I replied. Stephanie and I affixed our signatures to the contract to purchase the house immediately. We also put a down payment on the house. The deal closed a month later. When I returned to the apartment from my house-hunting trip, Elizabeth was waiting for me. She had to work the day shift.

"Did you find a house?" she asked me.

“Yes, I found one. It's a four—bedroom house, with an extra room over the garage, and a finished basement, where I can put my studio. There's also a fireplace, a back porch, a dining room and a huge kitchen,” I replied.

”Will Stephanie be living with you?” Elizabeth asked.

“She will be living with me. What sold her on the house was the closet space. She doesn't have enough space at her apartment for all her outfits,” I replied.

”Aren't you going a bit fast with her?” she asked, with a touch of concern.

“I don't think so. The last time I was involved in a relationship, I wound up marrying the girl six months after we met. I'm taking things a bit slower with Stephanie,” I replied, in an attempt to assure her.

Just before Stephanie and I moved into our house, she and I had a dinner date. By that time, Elizabeth was starting to like her. After ordering a steak dinner for two, I asked Stephanie: ”Have you ever lived with a man before?”

“I've never lived with a man in my life. Even when I was in New Orleans, I didn't live with my boyfriend. I usually lived alone or with a female roommate, usually a male-to-female transsexual. I lived with an understanding woman when I was in New Orleans. She was not only my best friend, but she was also my kid sister, Carolynne. About the same time I moved to Atlanta, she moved in with the man she eventually married. This will be the first time I'll be living with a man, especially the man I love,” she replied.

”That's another thing I have in common with you, sweetie. When I was single, I lived alone. The only two roommates I've ever had were my ex-wife and my sister. Both of them were very sweet, but Elizabeth is more understanding of my desires than my ex ever was. I didn't live with a man for another reason. When I was fourteen, I was at a Boy Scout camp and I was sexually assaulted by my tentmate. I told him that I was only attracted to those of the female persuasion, and he went on performing homosexual acts on me. My body had never been violated like that before. Since then, I haven't been able to trust a man with my living space. I've only been able to trust a woman,” I added.

“You poor, sweet baby,” she sympathetically cooed while gently holding my hand. Later that evening, we found ourselves at the park. We were sitting in her car, kissing each other tenderly.

”Darling?” I said, between kisses.

“What is it, my love?” she asked before kissing me again.

”How did your family react when you told them you were transsexual?” I then asked her.

“My parents took it hard, at first. They didn't approve of my dressing in female attire when I was a kid, and had incorrectly associated crossdressing with homosexuality. When I told them that I was diagnosed as a transsexual, they didn't know what the word really meant. I told them that I was about to prepare to have my sex changed. They asked what went wrong, and I told them that I felt wrong. I

was born with a male body, but a female brain. They thought I was telling them I was gay.

“I was their only son and, for a while, they had a hard time accepting the fact that they were going to have a fifth daughter. My older sister, Pamela, was very supportive of my desire to be a woman. She was dating a female impersonator at the time, and she knew about the transgendered community in New York, where she lived. I lived with her and her boyfriend, Bob, known in drag as Amanda, for my first six months in New York.

My big sister, Geni, didn't find out until Pamela told her about my transformation in a letter. Geni was living in Texas at the time. My younger sister, Erica, was sixteen at the time, and she had run across many articles on transsexualism in various magazines. My kid sister, Carolynne, was fourteen, and tried her best to understand my desire to be completely female.

“Erica began a modeling career after graduation, and she met a number of transsexuals at the agency she works for. Carolynne decided to become a therapist, working with the transgendered. My parents eventually accepted me as their daughter just a month before I had my surgery, and Geni would accept me as her sister on a visit to San Francisco just three months after I had my surgery,” she explained.

”Are any of your sisters married?” I asked.

“Geni married when she was very young. She was eighteen and fresh out of high school when she married Johnny, a businessman twelve years her senior. They now live in a Dallas suburb, where he owns a pizza parlor and she raises their four children. Pamela is now married to Bob/Amanda, the female impersonator she was involved with. I had the pleasure of being her maid of honor at both the regular wedding and the two-bride wedding. Pamela is now a dress designer, and her husband models her designs. They have two children now.

“Erica is engaged to be married; her fiancé is an actor. Carolynne is still single,” she replied. Stephanie drove me back to my place.

”Have you got all of your stuff all packed, baby?” she asked me.

“I still have to pack up a few things,” I replied. I then asked her, “What about you, sweetie?”

“I'm all packed and ready to move out, honey,” she replied.

”I'll see you tomorrow, babydoll,” I whispered before giving her a kiss.

“Good night, love,” she whispered once we finished with our kiss.

I walked into the apartment, and found Elizabeth sitting in the living room, watching television. “How did things go with Stephanie tonight?” she asked me.

“They went very well, Elizabeth,” I replied.

“I thought I would have a problem finding a roommate when you moved out. That problem has been solved. Hayley has separated from her husband, and has

filed for divorce. She's moving here from San Jose, and she'll be here by the weekend," she added.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It seems her husband had been messing around with a younger woman. Besides, he wouldn't come with her to Atlanta, where her job has just taken her. They have no children," she replied.

"Did Bobby take up with a genetic female or a transsexual?" I asked her.

"He took up with a genetic female, a college student named Sandy. She works in the mailroom at the same firm where he works as a loan arranger," she replied.

"How did she take the news that I am going to be living with a transsexual?" I asked.

"She's taking it very well. Her best friend in San Jose, Renee, is a transsexual. She had her surgery four years after Stephanie had hers. Renee was also transferred to Atlanta, as they both work for the same company," she then replied.

The next day, I left the back seats of the minivan in the garage of the house while I moved all of my personal effects out of the apartment. After I moved my stuff in, I took the thirty-minute drive to Stephanie's apartment, and loaded her stuff into my minivan. A moving truck took the furniture that was too big to be moved in the minivan. We had all of our stuff moved in by three o'clock. I decided to set up my studio first, since I hadn't done any production work at home since leaving St. Louis. While I was getting the audio mixer installed, Stephanie called me upstairs. I walked upstairs, where she met me in the kitchen.

"Which bed do you think we should put in the master bedroom?" she asked me.

"The canopy bed you have is just perfect, darling. I'll put my bed in the guest bedroom," I replied. We were settled in by nine o'clock, just in time to build a fire in the fireplace. The previous owners of the house left almost a whole cord of firewood. I brought in six pieces to build the fire. Stephanie and I spent the rest of the evening drinking wine and enjoying our new home.

Before going to bed, I asked her: "Art thou in love, Stephanie?"

"Yes, I am in love, Eric," she replied before we exchanged a kiss.

"I'm in love, too," I added before kissing her.

Two months later, we decided to have a special evening at home, just the two of us. It was raining heavily that evening, and I had brought in two dozen pieces of firewood for the evening. I started by preparing an Italian dinner for us. She came in around five o'clock, tired from a long day at work.

"What do I smell?" she asked me.

"Darling, I decided to make dinner for the two of us. I've prepared spaghetti and meatballs, garlic toast, and a Caesar salad for us. I also had a bottle of white wine chilled," I replied.

"You did all of this for me?" she then asked, rather surprised.